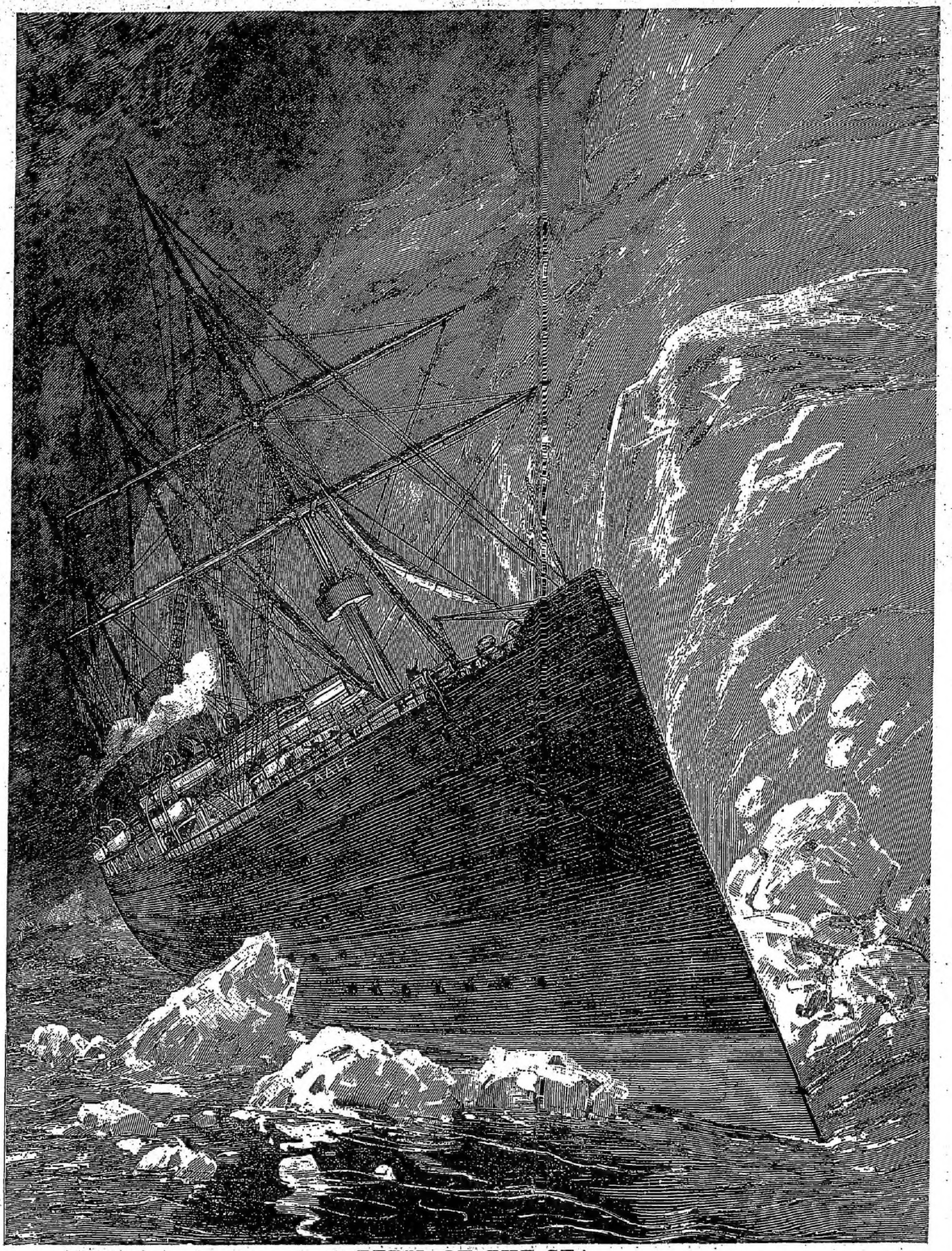
NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVII., No. 13. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1892. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.



A PERIL OF THE SEA.

A PERIL OF THE SEA.

No danger in the North Atlantic is more dreaded by our ocean grayhounds than the iceberg and few there are that escape an encounter. Only three years ago occurred the incident depicted on our first page. The German steamship "Saale" was on her way to New York, when an iceberg was encountered about 260 miles out from Cape Race. An eye-witness wrote:—

At the time of the encounter—about midnight—there was a very thick fog, and the captain was on the bridge with his second officer. The captain suddenly detected small ice in the water close to the ship. Springing to the signal apparatus, he stopped the engines. At the same time the fog seemed to lift, and looking through his night-glass, the captain saw about six boat-lengths ahead, a huge iceberg looming from fifty to seventy feet in height but with foundations of seven times as many feet in depth. The "Saale" was heading straight for it, but the order "hard a port" was promptly given—the passengers meanwhile crowding the decks, appalled at the sight. The great bulk and uncontrollable impetus of the ship seemed to carry them to an overwhelming destruction. The ice-wall loomed higher and higher, it reflected the lights of the ship, and it gave back the sound of the wash of the parted waters at her bow. But slowly she swerved to starboard, and then, as if by magic, she gave a great surge, shrank away as it were from that mighty overhang of ice, and with a heavy careen to starboard and a terrifying crunching and grinding along her iron sides, forged away into the clear water, while the iceberg, all glittering with the ship's lights and with the waves lashing furiously about its base, vanished astern and was lost. The "Saale" had run upon the submerged foot of the iceberg, and had slid safely off. The shock had thrown everything movable to the deck, but everybody was thankful.

The passengers held a thanksgiving service on the following day, and shortly after landing a service of plate was presented to Captain Richter in recognition of the admirable seamanship displayed by him in the moment of danger.

JENNY LIND.

Jenny Lind, the woman, was greater than Jenny Lind, the singer. "I would rather hear Jenny Lind talk than sing—wonderful as it is," wrote Mrs. Stanley, the wife of the Bishop of Norwich, in whose palace the great singer was a guest while in that city. The Bishop's son, subsequently Dean Stanley, who had no "ear for music," and on whom, therefore, her singing was wholly lost, wrote that she had "the manners of a princess with the simplicity of a child and the goodness of an angel." Her character showed itself, he added, "through a thousand traits of humility, gentleness, thoughtfulness, wisdom, piety."

She looked upon her natural faculty as a gift of God, and never sang without reflecting that it might be for the last time.

"It has been continued to me from year to year for the good of others."

This feeling was no fine sentiment, but a religious principle. While she was the Bishop's guest she begged Mrs. Stanley to allow her to take three of the maids to a concert where she was to sing.

At a service in the cathedral she was moved to tears by the singing of the boy choristers, and had places reserved for them at her concert the next morning. When she came on the platform she greeted them with a smile of recognition, which the boys never forgot.

She gave to charitable objects thousands of pounds gained by her wonderful voice. While singing in Copenhagen such was the excitement that court and town begged her to give them one more day of song. A gentleman of musical culture had, with his wife, anxiously looked forward to her visit. When she came he was on a sick bed. Jenny Lind heard of his desire, and found time to go to his house and sing to him and his wife.

When she went to London, Mendelssohn asked her to sing to a friend of his, who had long lain upon a bed of sickness. She went and cheered him with songs, the remembrance of which is still cherished by the family.

Again and again, when the opportunity offered for such an act of kindness, she sang to invalids who could not be present at her concerts. The gift of God within her was a trust to be administered for the good of others.

THE RESERVE CORPS.

(The Rev. Charles I Junkin, of Wilkes Barre Pa., in Sunday-school Times.)

From our regular Bible classes we select, from time to time, according to our need and our opportunity, such persons as seem to us most likely to make good teachers, and proceed in the usual way to elect them full members of the teaching force of the school, assigning them to work on the reserve corps. From the date of their election and acceptance of the office, they rank and are treated in all respects as teachers. The office is similar to that of the evangelist in the Presbyterian Church,—a man ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry, but not settled as pastor in charge of any particular congregation. So our reserve-corps teachers are elected to the full office and work of the Sunday-school teacher, but are not set over particular classes.

In selecting members of the corps, we require that they shall be professing Christians, members of one of the Bible classes, and that they give promise of proving themselves to be apt to teach.

The duties of the reserve teacher are as follows:

1. To study each lesson in advance as faithfully and as thoroughly as though he fully expected to teach it to a class on the following Sunday. He is to prepare himself just as the other teachers do.

2. To attend the regular teachers' meeting as faithfully as do the teachers who are set over particular classes.

3. To be present each Sunday as a member of the Bible-class to which he belongs, and while there to conduct himself in all respects as the other scholars do.

4. To be ready to take the place of an absent teacher whenever and as often as requested so to do by the superintendent.

An illustration may make the matter clearer. Mr. A—— is an intelligent young man, a professing Christian, and a regular attendant at the school as a member of the Young Men's Bible Class. On the nomination of the superintendent he is elected a member of the Reserve Corps, and accepts the office. The secretary forthwith enrolls him, keeps a record of his attendance on the Reserve Corps list, and puts in his hands the teachers' lesson-help supplied by the school. Mr. A —— thereupon begins to prepare the lesson for the following Sunday, and on Saturday evening goes to the teachers'-meeting, where he takes part in the lesson-study, and discusses and votes upon all matters of business that may come before the meeting. On Sunday he goes to the school prepared either to act as a scholar in the Young Men's Bible Class (of which he is still a member), or to take the place of some absent teacher. If his help is not needed as a substitute teacher, he retains his accustomed place in the class; if otherwise, he is ready to teach.

TEACHERS MEETINGS.

How to make teachers' meetings a success is one of the difficult problems. Much, no doubt, depends upon the leader; but much more upon the teachers themselves. The meeting should not be a one-man affair, but the result of mutual contributions of prayer, grace, talent, study and experience. Someone has offered the following suggestions, which, if duly carried out, would redound immensely to the profitableness and attractiveness of the meeting:

1. Pray before coming for a blessing.
2. Come expecting a blessing.
3. Speak distinctly.
4. Pray earnestly and for something.
5. Sing heartily.
6. Do not argue.
7. Ask questions.

To these rules we may add, take a common-sense view of the differing interpretations that may be offered; know when to stop a discussion, or when to drop a point; avoid antagonism; keep your temper; agree to differ; seek the mind of the Spirit, and cultivate good feeling and respectful attention to what the humblest teacher may have to say. Besides, get as many out as possible; the pastor, the superintendent, all the teachers, the young men and women who may some day become teachers, and as many of the adult members of the church as possible, and thereby more of them may be enlisted in the Sabbath-school and prove a reserved force from which to draw substitutes when teachers are absent. —*Presbyterian Observer.*

THE EASIEST LIFE.

The well-defined spiritual life is not only the highest life, but it is also the most easily lived. The whole cross is more easily carried than the half. It is the man who tries to make the best of both worlds who makes nothing of either. And he who seeks to serve two masters misses the benediction of both. But he who has taken his stand, who has drawn a boundary line, sharp and deep, about his religious life, who has marked off all beyond as forever forbidden ground to him, finds the yoke easy and the burden light.—*Prof. Drummond.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

THIRD QUARTER.

Studies in Acts.

LESSON I.—JULY 3, 1892.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.—Acts 1:1-12.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"When he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight."—Acts 1:9.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 14:1-14.—I Go to Prepare a Place for You.
T. John 14:15-31.—The Promise of the Father.
W. John 20:19-31.—"Alive After His Passion."
Th. Luke 24:36-53.—"Many Infallible Proofs."
F. Acts 1:1-12.—The Ascension of Christ.
S. 1 Thess. 4:9-18.—The Second Advent.
S. Matt. 25:31-46.—The Final Judgment

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Infallible Proofs. vs. 1-3.
II. The Promise of the Father. vs. 4-8.
III. The Return to Glory. vs. 9-12.

TIME.—Thursday, May 18, A. D. 30; forty days after the resurrection. Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—The Mount of Olives, Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

The book of the Acts was written by Luke, the author of the third Gospel. It is a continuation of the gospel history from the time of the ascension of our Lord, A.D. 30, to the time referred to in chapter 28:30—a period of at least thirty years.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Former treatise*—The Gospel by Luke. *Theophilus*—probably a Gentile convert and a man of rank. Luke's Gospel also is addressed to him. 2. *Taken up*—into heaven (Luke 24:51). *Had given commandments*—at various times after his resurrection. 3. *After his passion*—his suffering and death. *Many infallible proofs*—the strongest possible evidence. 4. *The promise*—the Holy Spirit promised by Joel (2:28, 29), by Isaiah (44:3), and through Jesus himself (John 14:16). 5. *Baptized with the Holy Ghost*—setting them apart to their work and fitting them for it. *Not many days hence*—only about ten days. 6. *Were come together*—on the Mount of Olives, at the close of the forty days (v. 12; Luke 24:50). *Restore again*—they were looking for the time when all the world should be subject to the Jews, and the reign of peace and of God should come to the whole world. 7. *Hath put in his own power*—Revised Version, "hath set within his own authority." 8. *Witnesses unto me*—by their teachings, life, sufferings, death. 9. *He was taken up*—his last acts were of blessing (Luke 24:50, 51.) 10. *Two men*—angels (Luke 24:4, with Matt. 28:2-5). 11. *Shall so come*—we know not when, but the fact is certain.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who wrote the book of Acts? Of what other book was Luke the author? When and where was Jesus crucified? When did he rise again? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE INFALLIBLE PROOFS. vs. 1-3.—How long did Jesus remain on earth after his resurrection? To whom did he show himself? How do we know it was the same Jesus? What difference does it make whether he was or not? What was he doing during this time?

II. THE PROMISE OF THE FATHER. vs. 4-8.—Where were the disciples assembled? (Luke 24:49, 50.) What did Jesus command them? For what were they to wait? What was *the promise of the Father*? What question did the disciples ask? What did they mean by it? Why did they ask it? How did Jesus answer it? What should they receive? What were they to become? How must we be witnesses for him? What will fit us for this work? How may we obtain this gift of the Holy Ghost?

III. THE RETURN TO GLORY. vs. 9-12.—What took place after these words? Who saw his ascension? Where has he gone? Eph. 1:20-23; Heb. 1:3; 9:24. Who came to the disciples? What did the angels say to them? When will Christ thus come? What did the disciples then do?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Jesus lives in heaven as our exalted and glorified Saviour.
2. We are to be witnesses for Christ.
3. We need the Holy Spirit to fit us to work and witness for him.
4. He will give the Holy Spirit to those who wait for him in prayer.
5. Christ will certainly come again in glory to judge the world in righteousness.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Where did Jesus last meet his disciples? Ans. In Jerusalem and on the Mount of Olives.
2. What promise did he give them? Ans. "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence."
3. What command? Ans. To wait in Jerusalem for the fulfilment of the promise.
4. What would this baptism of the Holy Ghost give them? Ans. Power to be witnesses for Christ.
5. What took place when Jesus had spoken these things? Ans. He was taken up into heaven.

LESSON II.—JULY 10, 1892.

THE DESCENT OF THE SPIRIT.—Acts 2:1-12.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth."—John 16:13.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 1:13-26.—Matthias Chosen.
T. Acts 2:1-13.—The Descent of the Spirit.
W. John 16:1-15.—"He Shall Glorify Me."
Th. Joel 2:21-32.—Spoken by the Prophet Joel.
F. Isaiah 44:1-8.—Water Upon the Thirsty.
S. Mark 16:9-20.—New Tongues.
S. 1 Cor. 12:1-13.—Diversities of Gifts.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Coming of the Spirit. vs. 1-3.
II. The Gift of New Tongues. vs. 4-6.
III. The Amazement of the People. vs. 7-12.

TIME.—Sunday, May 28, A.D. 30; ten days after the last lesson. Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in the upper room where the disciples met for prayer.

OPENING WORDS.

The disciples continued to wait in united prayer for ten days, according to their Master's command. During this interval Matthias was chosen by lot to fill the place from which Judas fell. On the day of Pentecost the parting promise of their Master was fulfilled, as we learn from this lesson.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Pentecost*—the Jewish thanksgiving for harvest, held fifty days after the Passover, hence called "Pentecost"—the fiftieth. 2. *As of a rushing mighty wind*—"as of the rushing of a mighty wind." 3. *Cloven tongues*—"tongues parting asunder," so that one rested on each of them. Fire was to the Jews a symbol of the divine presence. Exod. 3:2, 3; 19:16-19; Isa. 4:4; Mal. 3:2; Matt. 3:11. 4. *All*—the whole company of the disciples. *Filled with the Holy Ghost*—this was the fulfilment of the "promise of the Father," and of Christ himself. *With other tongues*—in languages they had never learned; one of the signs promised them. Mark 16:17. 5. *Dwelling*—either as residents or as sojourners during the feast. *Devout men*—pious, God-fearing men. 6. *This was noised abroad*—Revised Version, "this sound was heard," that is, of the rushing wind. The sound was loud enough to be heard over the city. *Confounded*—greatly perplexed. The miraculous gift struck them with wonder. 7. *Are not all these Galileans*—provincials, very unlikely to be acquainted with foreign languages. 9-11. The catalogue contains the names of fifteen nations, in each of which a different language was spoken. 12. *Were in doubt*—Revised Version, "were perplexed."

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What did the apostles do after our Lord's ascension? For what were they commanded to wait? How did they wait? By what promise were they encouraged? Who was chosen to fill the place of Judas? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE COMING OF THE SPIRIT. vs. 1-3.—When was the feast of Pentecost? How long after the ascension? What were the disciples doing? How did the Spirit come? How far was the sound heard? What appeared next? Meaning of *cloven tongues*? Of what were these things the symbols?

II. THE GIFT OF NEW TONGUES. vs. 4-6.—With what were they filled? What did they begin to do? Meaning of *speak with other tongues*? Of what did they speak? When had this sign been promised them? Why was it given? Who were in Jerusalem at this time? What had brought them there? How did they hear of these things?

III. THE AMAZEMENT OF THE PEOPLE. vs. 7-12. What effect had this gift of other tongues on these people? From what countries had they come? Of what two classes were they? What did they all hear? Why were they so perplexed? (v. 7). What did they say to one another?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Jesus is faithful to all his promises.
2. We should seek for their fulfilment in earnest, united prayer.
3. He who receives what Jesus promises needs nothing more.
4. The Holy Spirit is the best of all gifts.
5. He will give the Holy Spirit to those that ask him.
5. The wonderful works of God, as revealed in the Gospel, will yet be spoken in the language of every nation under heaven.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. By what sign were the disciples' prayers answered on the day of Pentecost? Ans. Suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.
2. What other sign was given them? Ans. Tongues, like as of fire sat upon each of them.
3. With what were they filled? Ans. They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.
4. What new power was given them? Ans. They began to speak with other tongues.
5. How did this affect the multitude? Ans. They were all amazed and were in doubt, saying one to another, What meaneth this?

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A WORD FOR THE MOTHER.

Send the children to bed with a kiss and a smile;
Sweet childhood will tarry at best but a while;
And soon they will pass from the portals at home,
The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam.

Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle "good-night!"
The mantle of shadow is veiling the light;
And, maybe—God knows—on this sweet little face
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Yes, say it: "God bless my dear children, I pray!"
It may be the last you will say it for aye!
The night may be long ere you see them again;
The motherless children may call you in vain!

Drop sweet benediction on each little head,
And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed;
A guard of bright angels around them invite,
The spirit may slip from the mooring to-night.
—*Selected.*

LIVING IN OUR HOMES.

I know several very attractive houses, in pretty rural villages, where, for reasons of economy or to lessen the housework that falls upon the women of the family, the parlors are never warmed or opened from November until May, only some great occasion, as a wedding or a funeral, being deemed a sufficient excuse for this trouble.

"Where do you take your meals?" I asked the daughter of one such family. Something she had said, had led to the impression that the pleasant dining-room in which the summer boarders were entertained was not used when the family were by themselves.

"Oh!" was the reply, "we eat in the kitchen; it is handy where we can reach to the stove without leaving the table."

These were well-to-do people, with fair acres stretching out to right and left, with sleek, well-kept horses and comfortable looking cows, and chickens and turkeys, and every evidence of homely plenty in the house and out. The carpets in their closed parlors and bedrooms were costly if not tasteful; the furniture was solid and strong, there was silver on the old-fashioned sideboard, and china to tempt a collector's heart on the closed shelves. But the art of living in their house, was as yet, unknown to the owners of it.

In towns of any size, and in the great cities, the sacredness of the front parlor has passed away. Thirty years ago, it was as it is in many country districts to-day, the throne-room of the lady-of-the house; the holy of holies, not to be used in common, lest carpets and curtains should fade, lest sofas should be scratched, lest "things" should be worn out. A happy, and indeed, a vital change has taken place. People live all over their houses. The children play and study, and, within bounds, romp as freely in the best, as in any other room. To this are brought the new books, the finest pictures, the choice engravings, the shaded shine of lovely lamps. Here, father sits with the evening paper, here Jack and Mollie practice duets, here mother brings her mending, and grandmother her knitting. Here, like moths around a candle, the sons of the neighbors, gather around the daughter of the house, scorching their wings in airy lightness, yet receiving no serious wound, for are not father and mother near, and is not "attention without intention" delightful, in circumstances so safe from real hazard. By-and-by, the Prince himself will doff his plumed hat in the parting of yonder silken portieres, and his wooing will go gayly on, beneath the mother's eye.

"I like to visit at the——'s," said a lad the other day. "They live all over the house, and a fellow can do whatever he pleases." I knew just what the boy meant. A certain freedom is in the atmosphere of a home that is "lived" in. Boys, in particular, enjoy liberty of movement, and dislike to be restricted in their use of furniture and their going up and down in their home. A well-trained boy will not injure a house, either by rough usage or visible defacement, or destroy any portion of the furniture by thoughtlessness. Boys have not a monopoly of the destructive element in their nature, though you would think so, to hear some people talk.—*Clara Lightfoot, in Christian Intelligencer.*

A GOOD WAY TO HEALTH.

Among the many helpful suggestions given to working girls in *Far and Near* the story is told of a young district school teacher, who, finding that her health was failing by indoor confinement, determined not to get sick if she could help it.

"She asked her father to give her twenty-four feet square of the garden. The first heavy work of spading she paid for; she spent one dollar and a half in seeds. She determined to have one thing good, and to be known for a speciality; loving verbenas, she chose them, and certainly I never saw such glorious results. She sold young plants, knowing that some of her neighbors would like to be saved the trouble of planting; and one plat of seed, if all came up, would give more plants than she would have room for.

"She started in the kitchen window in shallow boxes, or pots, her asters, and chrysanthemums, nasturtiums, marigolds, etc. When they had four leaves she transplanted each little root into other boxes, three or four inches apart, and then when the time came they were put in the ground. She sold young plants of all these, keeping eighteen or more for herself of each, and from July to November, I have seldom seen such a garden. Of course in her vacation she had more time, and she loved her flowers so much that she gave them many half-hours.

"She sold flowers and did so well that she determined the next year to try and 'make money.'

"She broke down so completely it was thought best to give up the school, so she devoted herself to her garden. In winter she used the window of a small sunny room with a big table in front of it for starting all her seeds early. Over her boxes and pots of seed she put a pane of glass, thus making a little hot-bed. At the end of the summer she had taken as much money as she earned at school She went on, building a little forcing house on the sunny side of her house and had early vegetable plants besides coleus, castor bean and almost anything you asked for, and now has a flourishing local business as well as a good distant one. She has married, but keeps up the work just because she regained her health entirely and the new life kept her well; besides she put by each year much more than she earned in teaching dull children. She hired a man for all the heavy work, but continued to give the same supervision and all her odd half-hours."—*Laws of Life.*

"NOT MADE WITH HANDS.'

Farmers' wives in the Middle States, descended from the Pennsylvania Dutch, are noted for the excessive neatness of their housekeeping. It is said to be not an unusual thing for one of these matrons, when she feels her last hour approaching, to make a tour of the house, seeing with her own eyes that every room is swept, dusted and garnished for the eyes of the strangers who may come to the funeral.

A housewife who died lately in New England is said to have added economy to this painful neatness. "Lay me out in the kitchen," she whispered with her last breath. "The bearers would muddy the parlor carpet."

Cleanliness is undoubtedly a close attendant upon godliness, but many good women in their love for the one are in danger of mistaking it for the other.

It is a good and creditable thing to have well-swept carpets and rooms so dainty that no fly, spider, or speck of dust is ever to be found in them; but if the housekeeper obtains these things by the loss of her temper, if they rob her of time for recreation, for reading and for prayer, she has sold her birthright for a very poor mess of pottage.

It is the custom with these Pennsylvania mothers to give to their daughters while still children a room to clean every day, in order that they may early learn how to sweep, dust, wash windows, and in a thousand ways wage warfare against dust, a warfare which is expected to last all through their lives.

Every careful mother, of whatever rank or race, is desirous that her daughter shall be a good housekeeper: if she does not actually clean her dwelling with her own hands she must know how to direct others to do it.

But how many girls remember that to each one of them has been given a dwelling, which is entrusted to her exclusive care, and which no one but herself can cleanse or keep in order?

It matters little whose hands sweep or dust the room in which she sleeps and eats. But that inner chamber in which the soul dwells she alone can keep in order.

Does she examine it every morning, to sweep out the vulgarity, the malice, the indolent indifference to God and His truth which she may find there?

She is watchful through the day to keep all filth and poisonous infection from her parlor and chambers. Does she shut out as carefully all uncleanness and contagion from that hidden place within?

She does not open her house at night for noxious insects and foul birds to harbor in it. Does she thrust out with equal zeal all trivial thoughts and gossip, with their malignant sting, from that most secret chamber?

She may live in a hut or a palace. But that place in which her soul dwells, is unseen by mortal eye. It is her work to keep it clean and pure as long as life lasts. When her body is carried out dead, her neighbors will enter and see her earthly house. But God alone, looking upon that secret dwelling, will judge what her soul and life have been.—*Youth's Companion.*

LET HOMES BE ON THEIR GUARD.

BY VIOLA ROSEBOROUGH.

In a recent visit to a little country village I was entertained in a Christian home overflowing with good books and papers. One day I picked up one, obviously of a lower literary grade than most of the periodicals about me, but still seeming to be a harmless and even admirable little sheet. It was plainly intended for country and village circulation; it contained information and advice about gardening and household interests, little stories and verses and items of news, all on the order of such things in many deservedly popular domestic journals.

But something turned my eye to the advertising columns. Here was a different story indeed; this simple "home" paper was full of the most plainly and outrageously indecent, immoral, and I sincerely trust illegal, advertisements. It had every appearance of being only a masked vehicle for such. It had been sent as a sample copy to my friend, and she had never looked at it. It was clear that I was the first one to do so, and I shall take care that, except for the persons whose help I shall seek in trying to check such insolent defiance of the decencies of civilization, I shall be the last. I thought nothing could be more unscrupulous than the conduct of the advertising departments of some of our great metropolitan dailies, but I see I was mistaken. I tell the incident to sound a note of warning.

See what is in the advertising columns of the periodicals that come into your house. Their general aspect proves nothing. These vampires who live on the destruction of both human souls and human bodies, cunningly adapt their appeals to excite the curiosity of the young, and they sell their goods, their pictures, books, etc., cheap. It is surely the duty of every one, not only to see that our families, our children-friends and children-neighbors are not thus poisoned, but to use all the means that the law gives us to stop such practices.

We are all busy in our own particular life work, or are bound down by the insisting necessities of daily life; most of us cannot personally undertake such crusades, but what we can do is to find who are the persons who make these very crusades their life-work, and put matters in their hands. That is the good, one of them, of organized reform, organized benevolence, organized advance.—*Union Signal.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

CORN MEAL GEMS.—One beaten egg, one pint of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one spoonful of sugar, half a cupful of flour, then thicken with Indian meal, so it will drop easily from a spoon, and bake in gem irons.

CORN MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES.—Beat two eggs and add one quart of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter (or two of sour cream), two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved. Make a batter of two-thirds Indian meal and the other third wheat flour. Bake on griddle.

BROWN BREAD TOAST.—If you have slices of brown bread that are too dry for the table, toast and lay in a deep dish, spread a little butter on each slice, warm a teacupful of thin sweet cream, pour over the toast and serve. If you have no cream, put half a spoonful of flour in cold milk and mix, then pour into hot milk on the stove and cook two or three minutes, and pour over the toasted bread.

JOHNNY-CAKE.—Beat one egg, add one tablespoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of flour and enough sour milk to mix to the thickness of cake. Last of all, add one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water. Grease a biscuit-tin and pour the mixture into it. If you like all crust only pour in enough to cover the bottom of the tin like a layer cake and the remainder on another tin. Bake in a quick oven.

HASTY PUDDING OR MUSH.—To make this have a kettle of boiling water—the quantity depends on how many members of your family enjoy it. Salt the water and have ready a dish of sifted fresh Indian meal, letting it pass slowly through your fingers while you stir rapidly with the paddle. Don't let it stop boiling. When you have stirred in one handful take up another and repeat the process, being careful not to get the mush too thick, as it thickens somewhat after you stop putting in meal. Do not leave it a moment but continue to stir it, mashing any lumps that may appear. When it is a success, it is smooth. Pour it in a tureen and have ready a pitcher of rich milk to eat on it. Serve it in oatmeal or bread and milk bowls. Some like this pudding with butter and sugar on it and children often prefer maple syrup to milk.

PUZZLES NO. 12.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

1. A noted General. 2. An American inventor. 3. One of the natural beauties of North America. 4. An American statesman. 5. A Spanish explorer. 6. A children's writer. 7. A fashionable summer resort. 8. An English poet. 9. A city rich in wines. 10. An American prose writer. 11. The name of a banished ruler.

The initials spell a famous composer of music.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a grain, and leave the opposite of cold; again, and leave to masticate; again, and leave a preposition. 2. Behead the opposite of fast, and leave not high. 3. Behead a personal pronoun, and leave another personal pronoun. 4. Behead to upset, and leave a medicine; again, and leave sick. 5. Behead an animal, and leave a preposition. 6. Behead a weight, and leave a preposition. 7. Behead a metal, and leave advanced in years. 8. Behead a transparent substance, and leave a girl. 9. Behead a stream of water, and leave a bird.

A HIDDEN BOUQUET.

1. Are you regardless or relentless? 2. A tiny bird doth upon my lady's lip perch. 3. I am glad, ah liar! I have found thee out. 4. Mabel I. Lyons was her name. 5. Johnny caught his coat on a hook, and tore the arm in two. 6. Hal said to Ada, "Is Yucatan in Europe?" 7. Nero set Rome on fire.

BIBLE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 62 letters.

My 10, 2, 18, 26, 32, 50, 62 and 57 spell one of the names given to the Divine being.

My 23, 15, 30, 7, 40, is something which comes to us all.

My 24, 56, 35, 42, 5, 45, is mentioned in the parable of the man who went into a far country.

My 53, 37, 3, 31, 20, 48, paradise.

My 11, 21, 59, 6, 16, 39, 31, 36, 60, 52, 47, are what this mortal must put on.

My 1, 9, 4, 27, 14, 41, 57, eternity.

My 13, 43, 1, 49, 29, 55, 59, a father of nations.

My 43, 17, 58, 12, 3, 61, 44, a place where some of Jesus' friends lived.

My 33, 46, 28, 35, 38, 4, 19, 61, some with whom Jesus showed great tenderness.

My 8, 22, 51, 38, what Isaiah says the great Shepherd shall do to His flock.

My 58, 25, 54, 55, a personal pronoun often used in the Bible.

My whole is a promise of redemption in Isaiah.

"I. G. P."

CHARADE.

My *first* is youth and health and grace.
My *second* a garment, pretty and gay.
My *whole* is what I'm in to-day. "Dee."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 11.

BIBLE ENIGMA.—

Moses—Exodus 28. 1.
Sacrifice—Heb. 10. 12.
Congregation—Ezra 10. 1.
Idolatry—Acts 16. 17.
Sepulchre—Matt. 27. 60.
Sanctuary—Exod. 25. 8.
Confessing—James 5. 16.
Tooth—Matt. 5. 38.
Head—Heb. 2. 1.
H, h, h.

Ans.—"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."—Isaiah 60. 1.

DIAMOND.—

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      C
    T H E
  B L A C K
C H A R A D E
  C R A C K
    O D E
      E
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PIED CITIES.—Geneva. Cairo. Athens. Edinburgh. Rome. Buenos Ayres. Dublin. Calcutta. Vienna. Stockholm.

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.—

1. P	utna	M
2. E	lmir	A
3. R	ed Rive	R
4. I	sabell	A
5. C	abo	T
6. L	ee	H
7. E	spej	O
8. S	olo	N

ENIGMA.—Dickens.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN PI.—1. Guitar. 2. Banjo. 3. Zither. 4. Accordion. 5. Flute. 6. Piano. 7. Organ. 8. Violin. 9. French harp.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Mabel S. Bromwell, Edith Grammie, Agnes Bromwell and Jennie B. Graham.

The Family Circle.

A PLEA FOR THE HEATHEN.

I plead for those whose eyes are bright,
For those who dwell in gloom,
On whom there breaks no starry rift
Of hope beyond the tomb;
I plead with those whose homes are fair,
For those whose homes are dim,
Oh, guide them in the way to Christ
That they may learn of Him.

Borne far across blue rounding waves,
A wailing voice I hear,
"Uplift us from this place of graves,
Alas! so vast and drear."
That call from China's crowding host
Blends with the Hindu's cry;
"O sisters of the blessed life,
Come hither ere we die!"

Turn Eastward still: the Rising Sun
Looks down on eager bands,
Sweet daughters of sea-girt Japan,
Who stretch imploring hands,
And beg with eager hearts to-day
For Christian knowledge fain;
It cannot be their earnest plea
Shall come to us in vain!

Well may we scorn or gold and gems
And broidered garments fine,
To cumber Christ's victorious march,
To shame His conquering line;
The banner of the Cross shall float
From every mountain crest,
For he must reign o'er all the earth,
By all their King confessed.

He stoops to-day our aid to ask,
His name He bids us wear,
The triumph of His outward path
By Sovereign grace we share;
O loiter not! to heathen gloom
Bear on the torch—His Word—
What glory for a ransomed soul
To help the Almighty Lord!

—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster.*

A LAY PREACHER.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Simmons, shaking her head. "I don't know what on airth Mr. Styles's folks will do. She's dreadful delicate, and he's got dear knows what's a-ailin' of him—ministers' complaints, dyspepsia, 'nd suthin' or nuther in his throat; and there's them two peepin', miser'ble children. They hain't ben here but goin' on three months, and their help's goin' to leave—don't like the country. Land alive, how notional them Irish be! Anybody would think, to hear 'em talk, they'd lived in first-class houses to home, and had the best of society and all the privileges."

"That's so," heartily returned Uncle Israel Jinks, who was leaning on Mrs. Simmons' gate, having, as he phrased it, "a dish o' talk," while three curious hens eyed and squawked about his pig's pail, filled with the morning collection, and at last, growing bolder, began to pick at the contents.

"That's so, marm; them sort of folks is like the wind—allers a-blowin'. I've observed considerable, bein' in years an' allers keepin' *my eyes open*; and I've allers noticed that the things folks make the most fuss over is the things they hain't got. Now, you never see in your life a married man that's by a long sight the weaker vessel of the two but what he'll be a-tellin' how he's master in his own family, how he will be obeyed, 'nd so forth 'nd so on. And I never seen a gossipin' woman but what laid it on to her neighbor so fashion: 'I don't know nothin', 'nd I wouldn't say it for nothin', but Sister Smith thinks.' That's human natur', Miss Simmons. We all hear the sermon for the folks in the next pew. Human natur' is queer, queer, onaccountable."

"Well!" snapped Mrs. Simmons, who seemed to feel a thorn in Uncle Israel's illustrations somewhere, "that ain't the p'int we was aimin' at. We've all got human natur' and there ain't no other natur' to be born with, so we've got to lump it. The p'int is can anybody in this town be got to help Miss Styles for a spell—anybody that'll stay till they can better themselves?"

Uncle Israel lifted his straw hat with one hand a little way, and began to scratch his head. Why some people always do this might afford a text for a physiological lecture; but we have no time to improve the subject—enough to say that by this process the old man did raise an idea, or seemed to, such as it was.

"What should you say to Desire Flint, now?"

There was a hesitating sound in the cracked voice and a glimmer of suspense in the faded blue eyes as he spoke.

"Desire Flint!!!" No hesitation in Mrs. Simmons' prompt reply. "Why, Uncle Israel, she ain't no better than a fool! anyways, not much."

"She ain't a fool; she ain't nobody's fool," was the meditative answer. "Desire's simple, but sometimes I think a good many folks would be better for a grain of her simpleness, 'nd she's real handy if you tell her just exactly what to do and how to do it. Dr. Porter said she nursed old Miss Green splendid, jest as faithful as could be, nuthin' forgot or slighted. There's suthin' in that, now, I tell ye."

"Well she does say the queerest things. You know yourself how she up and told Deacon Mather he was a wolf."

"I know, I know, she speaks in meetin' that's a fact, and she's got the Bible to her tongue's end, and she b'lieves in 't lock an' stock. Now we all know 't won't do to swaller the Bible whole that way. Where should we be if we did. Goody gracious! Miss Simmons, what ef you should up an' give black Cæsar half your cabbages jest 'cause he gin you half o' his early corn last year when your crop gin out?"

There was a momentary twinkle in Uncle Israel's eye as he made this remark, and Mrs. Simmons winced; but she recovered herself with great presence of mind.

"Mebbe t'wouldn't be so bad in a minister's family."

"Ministers is men," dryly rejoined the old man. To which undeniable fact Mrs. Simmons assented by silence.

"Then Desire is first-rate with children."

"She'd considerable better be fust-rate at hard work," retorted the good woman.

"Shoo! shoo! Git out o' that, you consarned critturs!" squeaked Uncle Israel to the hens. He knew when he had said enough, so he lifted his pail and walked away. But the idea took root in Mrs. Simmon's mind and flourished. Poor, pale Mrs. Styles would have welcomed into her house a gorilla that could wash and iron and not live on the children as a steady diet, so in a week Desire Flint was set over the parsonage kitchen.

She did not look like a gorilla in the least. A patient, overdriven look characterized her face at the first glance. It was pale, and the cheek bones high; the mouth full and sweet, half-closing over prominent teeth, a pair of large sad grey eyes, and a high, smooth forehead, completing a visage that, after the tired look passed away, as it did when she spoke or smiled, was utterly simple; not like a child's, which has a sense of humor, of coquetry, of perception even, in its round, soft lineaments, but more like the face of a baby, that receives all things as they seem to be, that accepts but does not impart, except passively.

No doubt there was something odd about Desire. She was an orphan. Her father died before her birth, and her mother, a weak, amiable girl, left poor and helpless, died when her baby came, from pure want of "grit," the doctor said, so baby went to the poor-house, a silent, unsmiling, but healthy child, who made no trouble and grew up in ways of the most direct obedience—her great fault being a certain simple credulity that in its excess was so near utter folly that she passed for half-witted. Nothing ever made Desire lie. Nobody could lie to her, even in the absurdest way, and not be believed. She was teased and tormented at school till all the boys and most of the girls found it too easy of doing to be an amusement, and conceived a dull sort of respect for a girl who was too simple to comprehend unkindness or evil. The only book that fell into her way at the poor-house was her father's old Bible, that had been carefully laid aside for her; and over this she pored Sundays and sometimes of a rainy day, till she almost knew it by heart and received it with absolute and unquestioning faith. It produced a curious effect upon a character so direct as hers. All things were brought to its pages and tried as by the only standard; and all things were to her right or wrong. Her logic was stringent, her obedience instant; but it was a great nuisance to have her about among common folks! Such people naturally are nuisances, this is no world for them, and poor Desire's home at the poor-house became a permanent one. She labored there with a good will, and once in a while she went out to nurse some poor body suffering under mental illness, who could not pay for more able attendance and who was too ill to be a stumbling-block to Desire's practical Christianity and to incur her remark or rebuke; so that she fairly earned her living. But it was a great pleasure to her now to be brought into a new home where there were children; for children were the delight of her heart, and there were five of these delightful, troublesome, tormenting comforts in the Style family, besides the baby.

Poor little Mrs. Styles was a minister's wife. In her girlhood she had imagined this to be an honor almost beyond her ambition—a sort of halfway saintship, that should open the very doors of Heaven to her while yet on earth; and when she reached this awful pinnacle and became the promised bride of the Reverend Samuel Styles, a tall, pale, solemn youth, with head in the clouds, her real human love mingled with the superhuman aspect of the matter till she felt as a certain old school-master used to say, "exalted to Heaven on the point of a privilege." But when she was fairly married to her adored Samuel and set in her place as official "minister's wife" over a small parish, where the salary was just enough to starve on, and half paid at that, pretty little Nellie Styles found out that as Uncle Israel said, "ministers are men," and Heaven is no nearer their wives than it is to other people.

The Reverend Samuel had been resolved on entering the ministry from early childhood. He had been educated by a widowed mother to that end. He had been shut up, like a half-fledged chicken in a coop, in that orthodox monastery, a theological seminary, for four years; crammed with good theology and poor food; plenty of Hebrew, and no fresh air; Greek parables but not a particle of exercise; a thorough and exhaustive knowledge of the lives of prophets, apostles and saints, but no acquaintance with, or interest in, the lives of every-day people about him; a straight faith in his own creed and a sincere disgust at every other; and withal learning from the atmosphere which surrounded him an unconscious lesson agreeable extremely to the natural man—a lesson of his own importance and superiority to the rest of mankind. Thanks to the vitality of the Christian religion, which will leaven the lump in due time and stand its own ground in defiance of all the stifling and cellarage it undergoes at the hands of trembling men, terrified lest air should overthrow it, and light blast it, the ministerial training schools of to-day are far superior to those of 30 years ago; and even in their first estate there were mighty men of valor, whose broad and healthy natures defied their cramping and withstood their mildew; but this man was by nature narrow and acid, the saving graces of his character being a deep though silent affectionateness and a rugged honesty. But in spite of these traits, which needed sunshine and strength to develop them, he was turned out into the world a tolerably good preacher and an intolerably selfish, dogmatic man. Men can sometimes preach very well what they do not practice, so the Reverend Mr. Styles became a popular preacher and was exalted from one parish to another, till at last his health failed and he was forced to take charge of the church in Coventry, a little village among the New England hills, to try what comparative rest and high, pure air would do for him.

By this time Mrs. Styles had become quite convinced that the way to Heaven is

—"a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint,"

even when one is a minister's wife. She was a young thing when she married, helpless, as American girls are apt to be, innocent, ignorant, loving, and with no constitution. Her first baby was at once a terror and a treasure. She gathered it from the gates of death and held the tiny blossom in unconscious hands for many a long day afterward; but sometimes in her secret heart she thought, as the heavy months rolled by, it was harder to live for it than to die for it.

Her bedroom was small and dark; no sun cast reviving rays into its north window. There was a large and pleasant chamber on the southeast corner of the house; but—"Of course I must have that for my study," announced the minister, when they first inspected the parsonage.

Then nobody who had to write sermons could lose an hour of sleep; therefore it was the weary little mother who walked of a night up and down with the wailing child. And daily, while the sermons were in process, the house must be hushed to perfect silence, or they could never be written.

Then came another baby. And by that time Mr. Styles had dyspepsia, and not only had to have his peculiar food, but a special preparation of it. What American woman of moderate purse and aching back does not know all that this implies in our present state of domestic servitude?

"Helen! this bread is sour!" was perhaps the only word spoken at the breakfast table by the poor man, whose temper certainly had no right to accuse the bread of acidity. But he had dyspepsia—the modern shield of Achilles which wards off all darts of accusation, which covers temper, incivility, injustice, selfishness, insolence, all under one broad shelter, and accredits to the stomach all the shortcomings of heart and soul!

Children came one after another to the broken-down, feeble, sweet, little mother, two big, rosy boys, three delicate girls, and a blossom of a baby-girl, born in Coventry, and six months old when Desire Flint came to the rescue.

It did poor Nelly Styles' heart good to see her kitchen scrubbed and set in order, as she came in that afternoon with baby in her arms.

"Why, Desire," said she, "you have taken too much pains with the kitchen; you might have left these windows till another day."

Desire regarded her with a vague, wondering smile.

"Yes, marm; but I like to do things with my might. That's what the Bible says."

Helen looked at the plain, simple face sharply. She was not in the habit of hearing such familiar reference to the Bible, and Desire spoke of it as familiarly as most people do of a recipe-book. By night Desire had the kitchen cleaned thoroughly, the kettle on, the table laid, the berries sorted and washed, the milk-pitcher and great loaf of bread in their places. Mrs. Styles came to her simple meal, to find all the children washed and brushed and every thing in its accustomed place. It was in the poor little woman's nature to be grateful and kind; so she praised Desire again only to hear—

"Why, marm, I had to. Bible says: 'Let everything be done decently and in order.'"

"You seem to use the Bible language very commonly, Desire," said Mrs. Styles gravely. The great gray eyes stared at her questioningly.

"Marm?"

"Why do you speak the Bible words so often, Desire, about every day matters?"

"Oh! well, Bible says: 'Give us this day our daily bread,' I expect."

Helen was rather staggered with the quotation. Desire turned away as if there were no more to be said.

(To be Continued.)

THE MINUTES.

We are but minutes—little things,
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on an unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes; yet each one bears
A little burden of joys or cares,
Take patiently the minutes of pain—
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes; when we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while yet we stay—
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes—use us well;
For how we are used we must one day tell,
Who uses minutes has hours to use—
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

WILLIAM CAREY,

PIONEER FOREIGN MISSIONARY.

BY REV. DR. JAMES CULROSS.

No name deserves to be held in more lasting remembrance than that of William Carey. He was born in the Northamptonshire village of Paulerspury, August 17, 1761. His father, Edmund Carey, was a weaver, who was appointed to the united offices of parish clerk and village schoolmaster when the boy was about six years old. He was a man of kindly nature and sound common-sense; and under his care the school won a good name in the district.

Young Carey was small for his years, and slightly built, but with an intelligent face, and a bright, indomitable spirit. Very early he manifested a passionate delight in natural history, and gradually stored the school-house garden with choice plants. This love of nature never died out in him, and had much to do with the good health and geniality which made him known many years after as "the cheerful old man."

Books were scarce in the country, and not easy to be begged or borrowed; but he had "a hunger" for them, and such as fell in his way he was sure to master. When about fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Hackleton, nine or ten miles from his home. In any ordinary case this engagement would probably have determined the boy's future career, but the thirst for knowledge grew with his years, and made him dream of something beyond shoemaking. He was, however, a good workman, and his employer kept on view a pair of shoes made by him as a model of what shoes ought to be.

About the eighteenth year of his age a revolution took place in his life. Though brought up a strict Churchman, and in due time "confirmed," he was a stranger to the love of Christ. "Stirrings of mind" he had often experienced, and good resolutions he had often formed; he was well acquainted with Scripture; he attended church regularly; but there his religion ended. Through the influence of a young fellow-workman with whom he often debated, he came dimly to see that what he needed was a new heart.

In 1781 a small church was formed in Hackleton, consisting of nine members. Carey's name is third in the list. About the same time there was a religious awakening in the district, and prayer-meetings and other similar gatherings were much frequented. He sometimes spoke at these meetings, "the ignorant people applauding," he says, "to my great injury," and tempting him to self-conceit.

On the 10th of June, 1781, he married Dorothy Plackett, his employer's sister-in-law, and soon afterwards succeeded him in business. He was very poor. On the occasion of an Association meeting in Olney, 1782, he attended all day fasting, because he had not a penny to buy a dinner. On this occasion he was introduced to some friends belonging to the village of Earl's Barton, which led to an engagement to preach to a little congregation meeting there. This engagement continued in force nearly four years, till the time when he was invited to settle at Moulton. Meanwhile, having accepted the doctrine of believers' baptism, he had been baptized by the younger Ryland in the Nen at Northampton. To onlookers, and to Ryland himself, it was merely the baptism of "a poor journeyman shoemaker." Ryland's morning text that day was unconsciously prophetic: "Many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first." In Moulton, Carey sought to add to his meagre income by teaching a school; but the experiment did not answer; hence he returned to his former trade. Once a fortnight the little man, with a far-away look on his face, might be seen trudging to Northampton with wallet full of shoes for delivery to a Government contractor, and then returning home with a burden of leather for next fortnight's work. All this time, in poverty that would have crushed the spirit out of an ordinary man in three months, he went on with his studies and preached regularly on the Sabbath.

It was in Moulton that his great thought took shape in his mind. Reading *Cook's Voyages* and studying a map of the world that hung in the workroom, it came painfully home to him how small a portion of the human race had any knowledge of the Saviour. How was this? Had God's "set time" not come? Or were Christians to blame? He resolved to think out these questions in the light of Scripture, and arrived at the conclusion that means must be taken to send the Gospel to the heathen *and that without delay*. At first, with the exception of a few men like Andrew Fuller, he encountered indifference or opposition. To not a few his conclusion seemed to conflict with God's sovereignty. At a meeting of ministers, presided over by the elder Ryland, Carey proposed, as a subject for next Conference, "the duty of attempting to spread the Gospel among the heathen." Even Fuller held his breath at the audacity of the proposal, and Ryland peremptorily put him down, remarking, "When God pleases to convert the heathen, he will do it without your aid or mine."

In 1789, he removed to Leicester, to the small Baptist church meeting in Harvey-lane. Here he became more than ever anxious that something practical should be attempted. He conversed, corresponded, preached, and at length published, in the urgency of his soul that some step should be taken. Next year, on May 31, 1792, it devolved on him to preach the Association sermon at Nottingham. His text was Isaiah liv. 2, 3, and his two thoughts were "Expect great things from God. Attempt great things for God." That sermon really created the Baptist Missionary Society. The brethren were about to disperse without doing anything, when Carey seized Fuller's hand and wrung it, demanding whether they could separate thus. The imploring appeal stayed the breaking-up of the assembly, and it was resolved, "That a plan be prepared against the next ministers' meeting at Kettering for the establishment of a society for propagating the Gospel among the heathen." On the 2nd of October, 1792, this plan was presented, and the same evening, in the back parlor of Mrs. Beeby Wallis, twelve men solemnly pledged themselves to the undertaking, and subscribed the sum of £13 2s 6d.; Carey declaring his readiness to embark for any part of the world that might be decided upon.

In April of next year Carey, and Thomas (a ship-surgeon and a very singular man), started for India, having been commended to God in a solemn farewell meeting held in Leicester. Carey never saw England again. For years it seemed doubtful whether the enterprise would not end in failure. Hindrances and discouragements of all sorts faced the missionaries. The earlier attempts at settlement had to be abandoned, though the experience they bought proved afterwards of immense value. In 1796 Carey, then at Mudnabatty, supporting himself by managing an indigo factory, and doing all in his power to spread the knowledge of the Saviour, was joined by Mr. Fountain from England. Besides preaching, Carey very early recognized the importance of translating and circulating the Scriptures, and while at Mudnabatty he began the work. It was a work for which he had singular fitness, both by natural endowment and providential training. Not, however, till he left Mudnabatty and settled in Serampore, in January, 1800, under the protection of the Danish flag, did he make much progress. Reinforcements came out—Ward, Marshman, Brunsdon, and Grant—but were not allowed to settle in the East India Company's territories. Grant died three weeks after landing, Brunsdon within twelve months, and Fountain about the same time; leaving at Serampore the famous triumvirate, Carey, Marshman, and Ward. Never did three men serve together in union so close for so long a space of time, with such unbroken harmony, such unselfishness and loftiness of aim, such thorough practical commonsense, and such marvellously-sustained resolution and enthusiasm.

WILLIAM CAREY.

Before the close of the first year they gathered the first-fruits of the mission, in the conversion of Krishnu, a carpenter, speedily followed by other conversions. In the course of six years, ninety-six native converts were baptized and received into Christian fellowship, caste being disregarded.

In 1800 Fort William College, Calcutta, was established by Lord Wellesley, the Governor-General, in which the junior civil servants of the Company were required to pursue their studies for three years, and Carey, as the one man in India most fully qualified for the office, was appointed teacher of Bengali, and afterwards of Sanscrit and Mahratta, with a salary of £600 a year. Later on he was raised to the status of Professor, with a salary increased to £1,500. Thus he was enabled to give himself with redoubled ardor to the work of translation, where his special gift lay. Living in the simplest style, he devoted all he received, beyond what was necessary for bare subsistence, to the missionary cause. He prepared numerous grammars and lexicons, and made no fewer than twenty-four versions of Scripture, with comparatively little help from others, in tongues spoken by one-third of the human race. It must not be supposed, of course, that these versions were faultless, but they were an unspeakably valuable boon to India, and a starting-point for completer work. Simultaneously with the work of translating and printing, that of itinerating went forward; and numerous stations were planted in the country, to which missionaries from home were appointed, and assisted by native agents. All this had to be done in the face of persistent obstruction from the East India Company, which, from dread of political consequences, did all in its power to keep the Gospel out of the country. By-and-by a fierce conflict broke out at home. The missionaries were accused of all kinds of enormities, and if scoffs and hatred could have done it, the Mission would have been exterminated. As the time approached for renewing the charter of the East India Company, it became clear to all that the future of the Mission was in the balance. Carey wrote home that the fault in the existing charter lay in the clause which gave the Company power to send home "interlopers," and urged that every effort should be made to secure liberty to preach the Gospel, by a distinct clause in *the new charter*. After a prolonged and severe struggle, in which the whole country was aroused, the friends of missions succeeded in their aim, and, with certain troublesome restrictions, liberty to preach the Gospel was secured.

It would take a volume to describe the years that followed, the difficulties encountered and vanquished, and the wonderful progress of the Gospel. Carey continued to labor on, with a very lowly estimate of himself: "Marshman is a Luther; Ward enchains the attention of all who hear him; I alone am unfit to be called a missionary." Under the conviction that if India was to be won and held for Christ, it must be through native preaching, the college at Serampore was built at a final cost of £15,000, to aid in educating fit men for the ministry of the Word.

While Carey and his coadjutors were going on patiently and earnestly with their self-denying work, unjust suspicious respecting them began to be scattered abroad in England. They were said to be living "in Oriental pomp;" they had "amassed for themselves and families" extensive property; their conduct was "consistent neither with truth nor common honesty." It was painful to bear; yet the fact was that, so far from making gain of their position, they had practiced the severest self-denial.

Gradually the old man's strength began to fail, and the end drew near. Among those who visited him in his last illness was Alexander Duff, the Scotch missionary. On one of the last occasions on which he saw him—if not the very last—he spent some time talking, chiefly about Carey's missionary life, till at length the dying man whispered, "Pray." Duff knelt down and prayed, and then said, "Good-bye." As he was passing from the room he heard a feeble voice pronouncing his name, and, turning, he found he was recalled. He stepped back accordingly, and this is what he heard, spoken with a gracious solemnity: "Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey; when I am gone, say nothing about Dr. Carey—speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour." Duff went away, rebuked and awed, with a lesson in his heart that he never forgot.

The eternal gates were opened for him at sunrise on June 9, 1834. Next morning, under weeping skies, he was laid in the converts' burying-ground, by the side of his second wife. The small memorial stone bore this inscription, according to his own special direction in his will:—

WILLIAM CAREY.
BORN AUGUST 17, 1761; DIED [JUNE 9, 1834.]
A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall.

Those who would trace out the life of Carey in its full current, and who would know what he did for India and the East, and what the whole Christian Church owes to him, under God, should read Dr. George Smith's masterly and most fascinating volume, "The Life of William Carey, D.D., Shoemaker and Missionary" (*Murray*). Dr. Smith places him where, he believes, the church history of the future is likely to keep him—amid the uncrowned kings who have made Christian England what it is, under God, to its own people and to half the human race.—*The Christian.*

SWEET WILLIAM,

OR THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

By Marguerite Bouvet.

CHAPTER IX.—A DARING VENTURE.

"Just like a living person whose face is ever smiling, and whose eyes are always looking straight at you. Some of them are very beautiful: Great men whom the world calls artists paint them; and you would not believe it, cousin, but with a few bright colors and a long brush they fashion faces that look like some one you love. My dear father is fond of lovely portraits, and he has many of them at the castle, of all the lords and ladies that have lived at Mount St. Michael. And there is one of my father too—a great glorious figure in shining armour, and the mighty look in his eye that I love so well. When he is far away and I long for him, I sit and watch the painted face, and it is almost like seeing him."

"What a wonderful thing a portrait is!" said Sweet William, in astonishment. "Tell me, dear Constance, would I know and love my lord as you do, if I saw his face in the portrait?"

"I am sure you would, Sweet William. My father has a brave face; it is stern and terrible sometimes, but it is always kind when it looks at me. And I know that he would love you, cousin dear, just as he loves me, if he only knew all about you."

Sweet William had no doubt of this. Indeed he knew of no reason why my lord should do otherwise than love him. Had he met with aught but the deepest and tenderest devotion from the few faithful hearts that, so far, had come within the scope of his little life? Yet a gentle sigh rose to his parted lips, and suddenly the look of yearning came into his great soft eyes.

"Dearest Constance," said he, "I wish something very much."

"And what is that, Sweet William?' inquired Constance eagerly.

"That I might, just for one little moment, go with you to the castle and look upon the face of my lord."

It was so very seldom that Sweet William wished for anything very much, or at least so seldom that he spoke of his wishes that Nurse Mathilde and old Guilbert were quite startled by this sudden avowal. And to little Constance, who had but to speak in order to obtain what she wanted, it seemed a great wrong that Sweet William should be suffered to long for anything in vain.

Constance had been wise and docile beyond expectation even of the good nurses. She had helped to make Sweet William's life in the Great Tower happier and brighter than it had ever been. But it could hardly be hoped that even the gentle William could listen day after day to the wonders of the great free world, and hear of the kindred of whose rightful love he had mysteriously been robbed, without feeling now and then a secret longing to see and share them all.

Constance no sooner heard the words than her own heart unconsciously felt their tender pathos. Her ingenious little brain responded at once, and in a twinkling she had surmounted all difficulties.

"Sweet William, dear," she said, "why should you not come to the Great Hall with your nurse and me and see the portrait? We should be gone but a little while; and if you returned to the tower in safety, what harm would be done? Guilbert is such a good kind keepor, he must surely let you go just for one little moment."

But Guilbert, who happened to overhear this dangerous praise of himself, began to gesticulate so wildly, cutting off his head with an imaginary sword, falling on his knees and imploring mercy from some invisible tyrant, and otherwise manifesting such signs of inward perturbation, that one might easily have doubted whether he were the kind keeper that Constance thought him, or the most ferocious of custodians.

Sweet William's eyes lighted up strangely at the sound of his cousin's words. The thought of leaving the tower chamber even for a single moment had never presented itself to him, or indeed to any one else, in the light of a possibility. He started and ran to his nurse, his dark curls blown from his fair forehead, and his face faintly flushed with excitement.

"O good Mathilde, could we—could we, do you think?" he cried, throwing himself on the little stool at her feet, and resting his clasped hands on her knees.

What did make poor Nurse Mathilde falter and tremble so? What is it that makes us all weak and yielding at the sight of a pleading child? She forgot her own peril and his—she forgot everything when her darling sat there looking up with his great yearning eyes; and taking his dear face between her hands, she said,—

"Yes, sweetheart, if the good Guilbert will let us."

But here the good Guilbert gave an alarming gasp which might have been taken

"She was my mother."

for his last breath, and went through such another evolution of strange grimaces that Constance was fain to laugh outright at him, and call him a simple old soul. No one understood as he did, however, the great risk he would run in allowing even for one short hour a prisoner of my lord's to go from beyond his watch. A dungeon keeper's duty was very serious in those days and Guilbert plumed himself on having been a just and faithful servant all his life.

But this was such a peculiar case, Mathilde argued, and the children's design was such an innocent and harmless one, and my lord was so many miles away, that surely he need have no fears. And then Constance pleaded with him so prettily, and Sweet William looked at him so longingly, that very soon poor Guilbert began to yield. "If I did not love my prisoner so dearly and hate my master so heartily," he though, "I would not, for the first time in my five-and-sixty years, fail in my trust. But there is no wrong in doing good, no wrong in granting a simple happiness to a child like Sweet William," he reasoned with himself; and after having recounted a multitude of instances in which the direst and most terrible consequences had resulted from a tower-keeper's allowing little boy-captives to go about and view their lordly uncles' portraits, he gave his consent with fear and trembling.

Mathilde made all sorts of promises, to appease the good servant's concern. She even went so far as to say she would give herself up as his prisoner for life, if she failed to return with Sweet William before the great bell of the abbey rang out another hour. And, if you will believe me, this proved so satisfactory that Guilbert immediately loosened the heavy bolts, albeit with a merry twinkle in his eye; and he was rash enough to hope secretly that Mathilde would not be quite true to her word.

It was Sweet William's turn to be surprised when, for the first time in his life, he stepped beyond the threshold of the Great Tower chamber; when he breathed the clear, frosty air of the Mount, and pressed with his little feet the pure, newly-fallen snow; when he saw the tall green pines swaying their loose branches so near that he could almost touch them; and when at last he beheld the gray old walls of the castle rising in stately grandeur before him.

O little children who love and enjoy the beautiful free world, with all its glorious wonders, who look up day after day to its great blue dome, and drink in freely the precious influence of its warmth and light and sunshine, think what it must have been to the little William when he saw and felt all for the first time! No wonder his little heart beat violently, and he held Mathilde's hand so tightly, as they sped in silence through the great court-yard, and into wooded paths, and up the narrow corridors and winding stairways, till the home that was so familiar to Constance, seemed to him like a delightful labyrinth.

But the Great Hall of the castle, in all its gloomy magnificence, surpassed everything that Sweet William had ever dreamed of. So many rare and costly things greeted his eyes; powerful-looking swords, whose hilts were of burnished gold, hung crossed upon the walls; soft silken curtains fell partly over the beautifully latticed windows, and richly embroidered tapestries hung on every side; while the dark oaken furniture, so massive and curiously shaped, was a source of bewilderment to William, who could only look his admiration and remain speechless. At one end of the hall was my lord's ducal throne, made of richly carved wood, and adorned with beaten brass; and overhead a canopy of gold and purple draperies, from which hung the heavy crown that had rested on the great dukes of Normandy for centuries. Opposite, at the end of a long colonnade of arching marble pillars, was the banqueting-table where the great feasts went on, and where the noblemen drank out of jewelled goblets and ate from golden plates; and above it hung the famous portrait of the duke, the great glorious figure that Sweet William had longed to see.

But there, too, over the tall chimney-piece hung another portrait, of such exquisite beauty that the moment Sweet William's eyes fell upon it they were blind to everything else. It was the portrait of a lady, young and beautiful, with a look of ineffable sweetness beaming down from dark, tender eyes that seemed to follow William and look straight at him wherever he stood.

"And who is this?" he asked in a voice that was almost tremulous.

"She was my mother," said Constance gently. "Was she not a lovely lady? She died, dear cousin, when you and I were babes. I often wonder why it was so, and think how dearly I should have loved her had she been spared to her little child. She was as good as she was beautiful, and every one loved her at Mount St. Michael; and my father once said to me that the light of the world went out for him when her dear eyes closed."

Sweet William put his arm around the little girl's neck, and his own eyes filled with tears.

"But he has you, dear Constance, and you are sunshine enough for all the world," he said tenderly.

"I am only a little maid, Sweet William, and but a poor companion for so great and wise a lord as my father. I have seen him many and many a time sit before the portrait and watch it long and earnestly and I knew he was thinking of her, and longing to have her back with him. O William, do you ever wish, as I do, that you might have known and loved your sweet young mother?"

Sweet William made no answer; but as he looked more intently at the beautiful face above him, he felt for the first time in his life that there was hidden away somewhere in his heart a great love for some one he had never known.

"If she was like this," he said at length, without taking his eyes from the picture, "I could love her without seeing her. But, Constance, is there not a portrait of my mother in the castle?

"I think I have never seen one, cousin dear," said she with a puzzled look.

The two children were silent for a moment while they stood looking up at the lovely face. Constance was thinking what a splendid thing it was to be a good and beautiful lady and to be loved and remembered always, and was hoping that she too might be so some day; while Sweet William was wondering, in his grave and quiet way, why Constance had never spoken of her mother to him.

But my lady had so many people about her to love and to talk of that it was not strange she had apparently forgotten one who lived only in her fancy. Then the thought came to Sweet William, as it had sometimes of late, that Constance had been blessed in everything; even in her loss she had been blessed more than he. But there was no bitterness or regret in the passing thought; it came and went like an April snow-flake, leaving no trace of sadness in his unselfish heart.

"Tell me more of this lady," he said at last, turning to Constance. "I love her face dearly, it is so very beautiful."

"I know but little, Sweet William; it grieves my father to speak of her, and nurse cannot do so without weeping. But it never saddens me to think of her, for I know she is safe and happy with the angels, and that she looks down from heaven and sees us, just as she is doing from the portrait now."

Sweet William looked again at the painted face, and then at the little girl's, so fair, so full of life and light; and he thought there was a sweetness in it just then that showed her heart at least was like the beautiful lady's. But he wondered a little how his cousin came by her sunny locks and eyes of blue. Surely the old Norman at the foot of the hill was mistaken, or else sorrow and age had dimmed his memory; for my lady did not resemble her young mother. They were both beautiful, but as unlike as twilight and dawn.

The great bell on Mount St. Michael ringing out the close of this eventful hour in Sweet William's life, roused him from his meditation; and Constance ran to Nurse Mathilde, who had likewise fallen into a quiet reverie, and laughingly reminded her that Guilbert had now two prisoners instead of one; and furthermore, that he might be indulging in some dangerous pastimes at the thought of losing them both.

And in truth she was not mistaken, for they found the good keeper in a serious state when they returned. He declared this had been the longest hour in all his life, and that never before, not even when the chief of the fierce Kymry had held the battle-axe three days over his head, had he known such anguish as when the last stroke of the bell had died away and he found himself still alone in the tower. Indeed he had some notion of throwing himself from the tower window, but that Sweet William and Mathilde arrived just in time to prevent this undignified close to his brave career.

There was such a droll mixture of mirth and seriousness in his words, and such a look of triumph in his keen gray eye in spite of his feigned discomfiture, that Sweet William could not refrain from laughing; and clasping him around the neck he cried,—

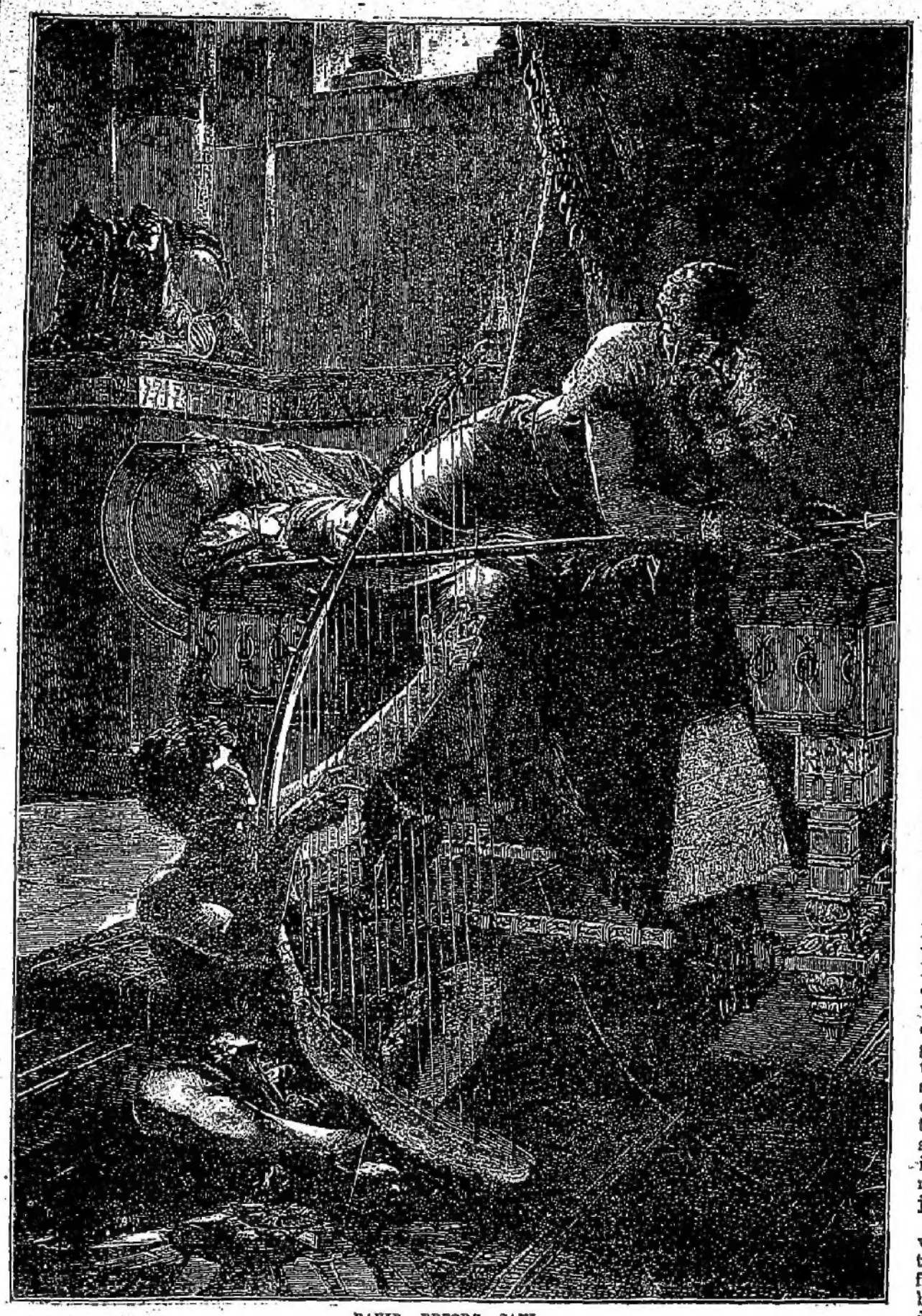
"O Guilbert, you mistrustful Guilbert, to think we should ever desert you!—He does not deserve a kiss, does he, nurse?" But Sweet William gave him a great many nevertheless, as though they had been parted a weary time.

"Nay, nay, my little one! I had little fear of that; but, to tell you truly, the minutes were very long without seeing your sweet face. Now come and tell me all that has happened to make my little blossom's eyes so bright."

So, climbing upon the old man's knee, William related all his adventures, and told of the wonderful things he had seen; and even hinted, albeit very cautiously, that he might like to repeat the experiment at some future time. At which proposition Guilbert showed the whites of his eyes in a way that was quite alarming; but all the while there was such a light of pleasure in the boy's face that the good keeper felt well repaid for his few anxious and lonely moments.

But Sweet William, like all tender and sensitive natures, spoke least of the thing that was nearest his heart; and when the excitement of the day was over he grew quiet and pensive again, and no one but his ever watchful nurse caught glimpses of the sober thoughts that were busying his young brain. Until quite late that evening he sat in his favorite retreat, looking out upon the night. All was quiet and peaceful, and the cold bright stars looked down benignly upon the white earth below. A misty moonbeam came slanting through the Bower window, and fell full upon the graceful figure within. Mathilde heard a little sigh, and saw the thoughtful look steal again into his deep eyes.

(To be Continued.)



DAVID BEFORE SAUL.

DAVID'S HARP.

"Go—find the shepherd-lad, that he
His tuneful harp may hither bring,
And soothe with ready minstrelsy
The troubled spirit of the king."
So ran the summons; then awoke
Soft sounds an angel might inspire,
And sweet as thought that angel spoke
Through the swift trembling of the lyre.

The listener lay in silent state
While tender rapture stirred the air;
With such a key to Heaven's gate
Methinks he must have entered there.
And as the youth, divinely taught,
Won from the strings a nobler strain,
Haply the brooding monarch caught
Dim visions of Messiah's reign.

That wondrous Saviour yet to be;
Though David's son, yet David's Lord;
A man to set his people free,
A God to vanquish fire and sword!
The great Anointed in Whose praise
You boy prophetic songs should sing,
While Israel wreathed his crown with bays,
And hailed him as her poet king.

For David's harp is with us still,
It daily, hourly sounds again,
When thunders from the organ fill
The minster or the village fane;
And chanted by the white-robed choir,
Or gravely read, or murmured low,
We hear his words of sacred fire,
Who sang so sweetly long ago.

Yes! in cathedrals vast and dim
The harp of David still is set;
And often round some simple hymn
It wakens hallowed echoes yet,
As when he came that far-off day,
A stripling to the palace hall,
With finger swift to chase away
The gloom which conquered mighty Saul.

—Sydney Grey, in Sunday at Home.

SWEET WILLIAM,

OR THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST MICHAEL.

By Marguerite Bouvet.

Chapter X.—An Ominous Incident.

What is it, dearest heart?" she asked, bending softly over the young face, so pure and frail in the pale radiance that fell upon it.

"Nothing, good nurse. I was only wondering," said Sweet William, without looking up—"wondering about the beautiful lady in the portrait."

And indeed he had occasion to wonder a great deal, and his childish soul was often turbulent as the tide of time rolled on to still more eventful days.

All this time Duke William seemed to have forgotten his dangerous little enemy in the Great Tower—at least, so all the good people of Mount St. Michael thought. And the little Lady Constance would have had good cause to be lonely, and to sit and watch the glorious figure in the portrait, had it not been for the companionship of the little cousin, whose beautiful and tender devotion so utterly filled all the longings of her childish heart. It seemed such a great while since my lord had been at the castle, and so many things had happened during these many months of cousinly intercourse, that Constance was beginning to feel, she said, as she used to feel "years ago," when she was a very little girl, and did not even know what a dear, good father she had; except that then she had only imagined the most absurd and impossible things about him, whereas now she could think of him as he was, and remember all sorts of pleasant things about him, and hope for his return.

In youth, hopefulness and cheerfulness are hardy little plants, and the heart whence they spring is very fertile and it is not to be wondered at that a sanguine and buoyant nature, like that of little Constance, could find no reason to mourn the absence even of one whom she loved and revered as she did my lord. It is true she would sometimes ask Lasette what there could be about wars that kept the noblemen of Normandy away from their castles for so long. But Lasette was forced to confess herself very ignorant on the subject of wars, and really could not say why great lords went to them so much, and still less why some of them never returned. Then Constance would add, in a way that never made the good nurse jealous,—

"I should feel sad very often, Lasette, thinking about my father so far away, but that I have my dear cousin. One must get very lonely without one's own kindred, don't you think? Even though one may love others very much, it is never quite the same, you know. And then I think one's twin-cousin must be nearer than any other kin in the world. Sometimes I feel as if I could never live away from my dear Sweet William. When he is a man and a great lord, and must go off to the wars, I shall go with him."

If Duke William could have heard these simple words, he would have been startled into an unpleasant recollection of his youthful prisoner. It was well he did not. He would better have parted with the half of his dukedom than shared the love of Constance with his enemy's child. Still he was not entirely free during these long months from the memory of a child, beautiful and innocent, growing up to boyhood in the gloomiest dungeon of the great Norman fortress. Although his heart was cruel and his conscience seared, there were many, many moments when the thought of that child filled him with unrest. How would it all end, and what was he to do that the end, when it did come, might serve all his selfish and revengeful motives, were questions that beset him almost daily.

When Sweet William was but a baby, my lord had sent him to the tower, hoping that the gloom and confinement, and the lack of all that makes life precious and worth living for, would shorten the tender life, and thus save him from deliberately adding one more wicked deed to his already long list of sins. But now every year, every month, every day, added to Sweet William's life, made him more dangerous and more to be dreaded in Duke William's eyes. Many a night as my lord lay on his uneasy pillow, his brain busy with godless and designing schemes, would he resolve to take the child's life as ruthlessly as he had taken that of his own young brother; but when the light of the morning came, the evil he had meditated in darkness frightened him, and he was left weak and helpless. There was a lurking fear in his heart that it would go ill with him if he put the boy William to death—William, the only male descendant of his noble line, and bearing his own name. It was as if a voice spoke to him and a strong hand withheld him whenever this wicked thought came into his brain. Perhaps, too, he could not but confess to himself how guiltless and helpless this same little William really was, and how useless it would be to bring sorrow and suffering on the innocent child.

Sweet William's heart was as pure and beautiful as his face, as those who knew him well said. But my lord did not know this; he only knew that however good and beautiful the child might be, he was a living reproach to him, and troubled his conscience more than Duke William had ever allowed anything to trouble him before; and strange as it may seem, these secret misgivings came most frequently to my lord during those last months when his little daughter Constance and her cousin William were learning to love each other so dearly, and dreaming such bright visions of future happiness, and making such artless resolutions to be together always. His own dreams might have been more uneasy had he known how the sacred ties he had striven to kill were asserting themselves strongly and mysteriously in spite of him, and that in the very prison he had destined for their graves, Love and Youth and Purity were growing side by side.

Daily the sun rose on Mount St. Michael, and daily it sank behind the purple clouds across the sea, and yet Duke William came not, and the little twin-cousins spent their days happily in the Great Tower, and the good nurses began to think my lord had quite forgotten them all. But he had not; and I think it was only the will of a wise Providence that though his thoughts were so often at Mount St. Michael, Duke William himself should have been kept away, in order that this pure, strong love might gain a firmer growth.

It is surprising how suddenly the clouds come up in a clear sky, and still more surprising how such a small thing as a cloud can darken a whole world. It is very often so in our own lives; when we are happiest something comes up all at once that seems to chase away all our sunshine. It was just at this time, when everything was so peaceful and quiet at Mount St. Michael, that an incident occurred which filled the good castle-folk with the direst forebodings; for I am sorry to say that the people in those days were very superstitious—particularly the people who lived in small provinces, and who were ignorant—and an omen of ill-luck often caused greater anxiety and distress than the real misfortune it was so surely supposed to announce.

Nurse Mathilde had said, just a few days before, that she could scarcely remember a happier time in all her life. There was her little William, sweeter and comelier than ever, and my lady growing so wise and gentle. And what with Nurse Lasette, who often joined them in their merry-makings now, there was hardly a happier family to be found in Normandy. And there was Guilbert, too, growing whiter and droller every day, especially in his attempts to transform the Great Tower chamber into the scene of some thrilling event in his life. Great battles were rehearsed, and wild hunts and exciting tournaments were played at by turns. Indeed there was scarcely any one of these popular diversions in which Sweet William had not been taught by his fair cousin; and with the true spirit of a little nobleman of his time, his progress was very rapid. He won great honors at these homely festivities, with no other competitors than a host of imaginary champions, and a most partial and enthusiastic audience. He won his spurs with uncommon facility, and after many other glorious achievements was knighted with all due solemnity, my Lady Constance herself dubbing him with their little mock wooden sword.

(To be Continued.)

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

O Master, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with Thee;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right:
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

O Master, it is good to be
With Thee and with Thy faithful three;
Here where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes and word that burns;
Here where on eagle's wings we move
With Him whose last, best creed is love.

O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glistening raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow;
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light Divine;
Till we, too, change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly Voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice
Though love wax cold and faith be dim—
"This is My Son, O hear ye Him."

—*Dean Stanley.*

MRS. BARTLETT'S THANK-OFFERING.

MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

"I am going to give the missionary society an extra thank-offering this year for my lovely baby," Mrs. Spears said, holding up the little fellow fresh and rosy from his sleep.

"Mothers with babies would overload our treasury if they realized their privileges," said Miss Rankin, the returned missionary. "I can tell you a true story of one heart-broken mother I found in India. Some years ago she was sitting in her zenana, under her bamboo roof. Just outside the open door, her baby boy was playing with some of the blossoms that had fallen from one of their tropical trees. The mother heard a scream, and looking up she saw an enormous snake just about to coil itself around her darling. She sprang to save it, and called her servant to kill the monster, you would say? No; she sat still, paralyzed with anguish. Her religion taught her this might be a god who had come after her child, and if she refused the offering, destruction might come to her family. She had also been taught the transmigration of souls, and as her father and mother had died, she feared one of them might be imprisoned in the reptile, and if she killed it she might bring suffering on a soul struggling in another existence. So she sat like one turned to stone, while the monster crushed and devoured her greatest treasure, and then crawled slowly back to the jungle."

"How terrible!" cried the ladies, who were listening.

"Yes, women are religious by nature, and superstitious, too, and they must be convinced of the truth before their husbands and sons can be saved. But this woman afterwards heard of Jesus, and though she always sorrowed over her terrible mistake, she took comfort in knowing her baby was with God, not in the form of some animal; and she herself died with the name of Jesus on her lips. And this kind of work, sisters, is what comes of the money you gather up from month to month. Last year our Bible woman saved one mother from insanity by convincing her that her lost children were with Jesus, instead of roaming around in filthy animals. But I fear we can not get the sixty dollars to support this worker another year."

"I must go," said Mrs. Bartlett, rising. "I have no baby to give a thank-offering for. He is in heaven, where no one needs him, and I needed him so much. You see, I am trying to say, 'God's will be done,' but that is as near as I can honestly say it;" and the quivering lips spoke more than the half-rebellious words.

"You can give a thank-offering because you know your baby is with Jesus," answered the missionary softly, as the sorrowful mother hurried away.

"Breaking hearts on both sides of the world," thought the bereaved woman; "but, thank God, I do know my baby is safe. Yes, I will give a thank-offering for that very thing."

Some way she did not miss so much the bright little face that no more smiled a welcome at the window-pane, or the shouts of joy that used to greet her when the door was opened. She stopped and kissed her invalid sister with something like her old smile, and then she told of the pleasant missionary meeting and the enthusiastic, returned missionary who was longing for strength to go back to her work. After a little cheer for the "shut-in" sister, Mrs. Bartlett went upstairs.

"God may need children in heaven. Perhaps there is a special work for them there," she said to herself. "Any way, my baby shall still make hearts glad here."

She went bravely to a trunk that had been unopened for two years. In it were folded away the first dainty baby clothes and the later wardrobe the angel child no longer needed. The shoe that still bore an inpress of a chubby foot, and the mittens with the thumbs chewed out, the little tin red soldier and woolly dog came out with the clothes and received warm kisses, but no bitter tears.

"How thankful I am I had such a joy as this child. So many women never know that blessedness; and how many sweet memories I have to live on. Strange I never thought of that before. How ungrateful God must have thought my selfish grief."

She put the clothes in three bundles and took them downstairs, meeting her sister's wondering look with.

"Robbie does not need these, but other children do. I shall give them away as a thank offering for the precious two years we had him. Mrs. Smith has a new baby, and, I hear, nothing to make it comfortable. Mrs. Evans has been sick and unable to make her baby's short clothes; and the minister's little one wears such a shabby cloak I thought the larger things would be appreciated there."

"Indeed they will," answered Sister Jennie. "I know on his salary there is nothing left for nice, warm, baby cloaks. But that handsome dress, Katie?"

"Why not? Can't you just see now lovely Robbie looked in this pretty dress?" and Mrs. Bartlett's eyes glistened with tears, while she smiled over the picture the dress brought up. "My baby does not need embroidered dresses now. This will do no one any good folded away. I want it to make some other mother as happy as it did me."

Sister Jennie knew what Mrs. Bartlett did not tell her. Before the trunk was opened the mother had knelt before the chest which held her treasures and given herself humbly to the Lord, even thanking him for her sorrow, and praying it might be a blessing to others. As she opened that trunk she thought she heard, "Ye have done it unto me." That locked trunk happened to be the thing between herself and the Comforter, and from that moment she found a peace that even the remembrance of her loss could not take away. Christ promised the Comforter. There is nothing to warrant hopeless, rebellious grief in any of his children. If any heart does not find Christ in sorrow, some lock is fastened that keeps him out.

Before night Mrs. Bartlett had the pleasure of knowing three mothers were calling her "blessed" for her gifts, and a sick child was rejoicing over some of Robbie's toys. Then came the thought:

"How can I send the good news about children being in heaven to some heathen mother?"

She had little spending money, and her husband was not in sympathy with missionary work enough to help her, though he would not object to anything she could do without reaching his pocket-book. She had one treasure so precious it had not entered her mind at first. In the drawer where the little fading curl and faded blossoms were laid away was a velvet case, which contained the chain and locket the fond grandmother had sent.

"If it comforts me, husband won't care what becomes of it," she said, as she took out the glittering trinket.

"But isn't this too much?"

"No, no," she cried, in answer to her own thought. "Nothing is too precious to sacrifice if it will tell one mother her lost baby is in heaven. This is my thank-offering for the comfort that has come into my heart."

Early the next morning Mrs. Bartlett went to the banker's wife and asked her to buy the chain.

"I have intended getting something like this for my little grand-daughter, but beads are more fashionable now," said Mrs. Barnes.

"Yes; but they will soon go out of style, and this locket and chain will always be pretty. I know it is good, for mother paid twenty dollars for it. Take it for the same reason I give it, to help tell some mother about Jesus," pleaded Mrs. Bartlett.

"I will, and pay the first price," answered Mrs. Barnes, greatly moved, and having her first real conception of her duty to some far away mother. "I have a jewel case for my little grand-daughter; please keep this," she said, as Mrs. Bartlett left.

The next day the missionary spoke in the church, and after her address the collection was taken, and the eager woman counted it during the singing of the last hymn. Then Miss Rankin got up and said:

"I know our faithful workers will rejoice that there is sixty dollars. That will keep some devoted native woman at work a year. But this would not have been possible if some mother had not put in two ten-dollar bills marked 'For my baby in heaven.'"

"Katie," Mrs. Bartlett's husband said that evening; "this has made me believe more in your religion than any sermon I ever heard. I don't profess to believe the world needs Christ, but since you Christians do, I have wondered why you sacrificed so little for it; and forgive me, dear, but I have felt at times I was just as happy without Christ as you were with him."

"You shall never say that again, Henry. No wonder I have not been able to get you to hear sermons, and read the Bible that has been more a belief than a reality to me. Come with me and help me towards heaven, where God has taken our treasure."

"I will try," the proud, worldly man said softly, and the wife turned away to hide her tears of thanksgiving.

Two things add to her happiness now. One is, she has seen other children happy with the things her baby has outgrown, and the other that an empty velvet case on her bureau reminds her that she has helped some other mother find the sweet comfort she now knows. Often she shuts her eyes and thinks she sees, under picturesque palm trees, a group of eager, dark-browed women listening to the words of life from the Bible reader, or some sick and dying woman hearing words of life her little sacrifice sent to the dreary zenana. And she smiles at her beautiful, pictured baby, while her heart goes out in love to baby's Redeemer and her own, while she cheers her waiting heart with, "Ye have done it unto me."—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

THE HORRORS OF SPORT.

BY LADY FLORENCE DIXIE.

"Sport" is horrible! I say it advisedly. I speak with the matured experience of one who has seen and taken part in sport of many and varied kinds, in many and various parts of the world. I can handle gun and rifle as well and efficiently as most "sporting folk," and few women, and not many men, have indulged in a tithe of the shooting and hunting in which I have been engaged both at home and during expeditions and travels in far-away lands. It is not, therefore, as a novice that I take up my pen to record why I, whom some have called a "female Nimrod," have come to regard with absolute loathing and detestation, any sort or kind or form of sport, which in any way is produced by the suffering of animals. Many a keen sportsman, searching his heart, will acknowledge that, at times, a feeling of self-reproach has shot through him as he stood by the dying victim of his skill. I know that it has confronted me many and many a time as I have bent over my fallen game, the result, alas! of too good a shot. I have seen the beautiful eye of the deer and its different kind, glaze and grow dim, as the bright life my shot had arrested in its happy course sped onward into the unknown; I have ended, with a sharp yet merciful knife, the dying sufferings of the poor beast who had never harmed me, yet whom I have laid low under the veil of sport; I have seen the terror-stricken orb of the red deer, dark, full of tears, glaring at me with mute reproach, as it sobbed its life away, and that same look I have seen in the eyes of the glorious-orbed guanaco of Patagonia, the timid, gentle gazelle, the graceful and beautiful koodoo, springbock, etc., of South Africa, seemingly, as it were, reproaching me for thus lightly taking the life I could never bring back. So, too, I have witnessed the angry, defiant glare of the wild beast's fading sight, as death, fast coming, deprived him of the power to wreak his vengeance on the human aggressor before him. And I say this: The memory of those scenes brings no pleasure to my mind. On the contrary, it haunts me with a huge reproach, and I fain I never had done those deeds of skill—and cruelty.—*The Westminster Review.*

FROM CANNIBALISM TO CHRIST.

Twelve years ago, Rev. Oscar Michelson landed on the island of Tonga, in the New Hebrides, alone among cannibals. He was broken up with fever. At first he had many perilous adventures, and again and again fled into hiding to save his life. Once a savage, now one of the best teachers, levelled a rifle to kill him, but was stopped by a look. He persevered amidst many threatenings and dangers. His house became known as "the Sunday House," and Christian hymns were often heard mingling with heathen songs. From heart to heart, home to home, village to village, the Gospel won its way, until now thirty Christian teachers are laboring in as many different villages. Mr. Michelson's field now includes, he writes, four whole islands. The people speak three languages. During the week of prayer he held meetings simultaneously in all the villages. At one meeting 300 rose for prayer. Ten years ago they proposed to eat him. Now he lives in perfect safety. The rifles are rarely used for the purpose for which they were made, but Mr. Michelson often sees them used in pairs over the fire to hold the saucepan. If a coin or some such object is lost on the road, the owner is almost sure to find it stuck up on a post, the next time he passes that way. Peace, love, honesty, prevail in the stead of savagery.

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